

"As Seen On Backroads, Unseen"

Baby, let's take the scenic route past A1A
coastal highway winding along and the Atlantic shoreline
windswept dunes, sun-bleached beach grass waving
Saint Augustine, maybe, but then far away

to a far cry from iconic swaying palms
where your fingers end up in my hair
in a language of roving digits
gently pulling me toward you until thoughts snap back into a hammered life

tapping and mapping out my calendar
a veritable patchwork of commitments and events
mottling the future
looking for blind spots and inconsistencies
navigating this pixelated period piece of life's cadence

i know there is a winding road somewhere though
we could get completely lost on
cypress, red maple, planertree, tupelo
dark, almost inky water stretching out in every direction
disrupted only by the upward reach of smooth, knobby "knees"
Spanish moss offering dappled sunlight
penetrating the river's shaded edge below

i don't want to scare you with emotions but
how can I convey the urgency
wild azaleas bloom on the high banks near the Suwannee
bright red cardinal flower, yellow burrmarigolds, and purple climbing aster
the air itself ablaze with vibrant wilderness

windows down and you leaning close
horizon stretching next to the unknown
tires hungrily gripping road, yearning
the dashed dividing lines blurring
a continuous seam zipping underneath

glistening by rivers— endless
i will switch off the sheer volume of responsibilities
defiantly through the verdant thicket
until you see me twisting and unraveling
instead of knowing what's next